

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR AT GOLF.



A characteristic portrait of the Prime Minister at play. He was snapped while acting as his own caddie, on the Coombe Wood golf links. The other player in the photograph is Sir Edgar Vincent, who is also carrying his own clubs.

VASE WHICH FETCHED £16,275.



£16,275 has just been paid at Christie's for the vase photographed above. It is only 12½ in. high and 16½ in. long, of rock crystal, mounted with enamelled gold. Mr. Charles Wertheimer for its possession.

60,000 PIGEONS TOSSED AT WORCESTER.



At midnight on Friday two special trains left Victoria Station, Manchester, filled with baskets of homing pigeons belonging to members of the Lancashire Central Federation. They arrived at Worcester about midday on Saturday, when the photograph was taken while the birds, to the number of 60,000, were being liberated.

FAIR MASCOT OF THE FLEUR DE LYS.



The American schooner Fleur de Lys, which appears to stand a good chance of winning the Atlantic yacht race. On board is the only woman in the race, Miss Cardace Stimson, daughter of the owner, and an accomplished yachtswoman. Miss Stimson, who appears in the photograph standing at the taffrail, is looked upon as the "mascot" of the yacht.

GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

Gigantic Conflict Raging in Straits of Korea.

RUSSIAN LOSSES.

One Battleship and Four Other War Vessels Sunk.

TOKIO SILENT.

Censorship Enforced—News Comes from American Official.

NO COMPLETE DETAILS.

Washington, Sunday.—The American Consul at Nagasaki cables to the State Department that the Japanese have sunk one Russian battleship, four other warships, and a repair ship, in the Straits of Korea.—Reuter.

Though complete details are lacking, it is now certain that an epoch-making naval battle has been fought in the Far East.

Forced to make choice of one of three routes to Vladivostok, Admiral Rojestvensky selected the nearest and most obvious way.

He attempted to pass through the Straits of Korea, a waterway about 200 miles wide, separating Japan from the Korean Peninsula. In the middle of the straits is planted the Island of Tsushima, strongly fortified by the Japanese.

On Saturday the Baltic Fleet attempted to pass between this island and Japan, but was confronted by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo.

A Russian reverse followed, one battleship and four cruisers being sunk. The full extent of the disaster will not be known, however, until the Press censor at Tokio relaxes the rule which at present imposes complete silence upon the Press correspondents.

BATTLE IN PROGRESS.

Togo and Rojestvensky at Grips in Straits of Korea.

CHITU, Sunday.—Private telegrams from Korea to the local Japanese Consul state that a battle was in progress yesterday afternoon in or near the Straits of Korea between the main portion of the Baltic Fleet and a Japanese squadron. A large portion of the Baltic Fleet was sighted yesterday heading for the channel between Tsushima Island and the Japanese coast.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—A Chifu telegram of to-day's date states that the Japanese Consulate there has received information that the greater part of the Baltic Fleet met the Japanese squadron in the Straits of Korea last night and engaged it.—Reuter.

TSINGTAU (Kiaochau), Sunday.—A private Chinese telegram states that a great naval battle is in progress near Oshima.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS SINK AMERICAN STEAMER.

TOKIO, Sunday.—Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet sank an unknown American steamer off Formosa about the 21st instant. The crew were saved.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG KNOWS NOTHING.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—The Minister of Marine states that he has not yet received any confirmation of the reported naval battle.—Reuter.

CENSORSHIP ENFORCED AT TOKIO.

TOKIO, Saturday.—All the information that can be cabled regarding to-day's historic events in the Tsushima Straits (Straits of Korea) is limited to the fact that Admiral Rojestvensky's main fleet,

steaming in two columns, the battleships to starboard and the gunboats and cruisers to port, has appeared in the Straits.

All other information is either withheld or transmission is refused.—Reuter.

STRENGTH OF THE FLEETS.

The following comparative table, showing the strength of the opposing fleets, has been compiled from the latest figures obtainable.

	Japan.	Russia.
Battleships	5	8
Coast defence ships	1	3
Armoured cruisers	8	3
Protected cruisers	12	6
Cruisers	4	—
Destroyers	20	13
Torpedo-boats	67	—

In weight of big guns Japan also possesses a considerable advantage:—

Guns calibre.	Russian.	Japanese.
12in.	26	23
10in.	7	3
9in.	12	4
8in.	13	34
6in.	147	196

VISC. HAYASHI'S HOLIDAY.

Japanese Ambassador Takes Photographs While His Country's Fate Is Deciding.

It might be thought that the Japanese Ambassador would be oppressed with anxiety at this critical stage in his country's history.

Perhaps he is, but Viscount Hayashi conceals the fact with masterly calm. Yesterday he deserted the Embassy at 4, Grosvenor-gardens, and spent a day in the country, camera in hand, taking photographs.

Following the example of their chief, all the attachés of the Embassy took a holiday. Only a footman remained to answer the calls of visitors anxious for news of the great battle.

GERMANY'S ROYAL WEDDING.

High Prices for Seats To View the Grand Bridal Procession.

Good business is being done by speculators in seats to view the entry into Berlin of the Crown Prince and his bride.

In one case an attic on the route was secured for £25, and a few hours later resold for £150.

Three houses in Unter den Linden that have roofs with a railing or protection of some kind are being secured by speculators.

A series of brilliant farewell festivities in honour of the Grand Duchess Cecile began on Saturday at Schwerin, when deputations with wedding presents were received by the Crown Prince and the bride elect at the Castle.

At night a Court ball took place at the Castle, in the Golden Hall.

The Emperor William on Saturday, says Reuter, attended the unveiling of an equestrian statue of the Emperor Frederick III., erected by the city of Charlottenburg, in celebration of the bicentenary of its foundation by Frederick I. in memory of his wife, Queen Charlotte. The Emperor looked extremely well after his nine weeks' holiday.

STIRRED BY PATRIOTISM.

Germans Seeing Kaiser at Algiers Desert from the French Army.

A stir was caused by the arrival in the principal thoroughfare of Preston yesterday afternoon of four German soldiers in epaulettes and full French uniform.

They were unable to speak English, but informed interpreters that they had deserted from Algiers, where they had been engaged fighting for France on the frontier.

They hid themselves aboard an English-bound vessel and arrived at Barrow-in-Furness on Friday, and had tramped to Preston.

Their whole possessions amounted to two French copper coins. They stated that their arms were taken from them aboard ship, and that two of them had made their way to London. They expressed a wish to return to their own country.

They gave as their reason for deserting that the recent visit of the German Emperor to Algiers inspired them with patriotism. They decided rather to serve in the German army.

CRUISE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

HALIFAX, Friday.—The Danish Consul here has received the following telegram from the Minister for Foreign Affairs in Copenhagen: "The newspapers report that the steamer Havanna will leave Halifax in June with fifty consumptives for a cruise to Greenland. Inform them that previous permission is necessary to call at Danish possession in Greenland, and as such permission will probably not be granted."—Reuter.

THE QUEEN'S RETURN.

Thousands Greet Her Majesty, Who Looks a Picture of Health.

Looking the picture of health and extremely vivacious, the Queen returned to London on Saturday evening after her ten weeks' tour of the Mediterranean.

The King and the Prince of Wales met her Majesty at Victoria Station, in and near which thousands of people assembled to greet England's beloved Queen.

On the breast of the Queen was a bunch of her favourite pale pink Malmalson carnations. The first greetings took place in the royal saloon, and a minute or two later, cheered vociferously by the crowds, twenty deep along the route, the royal party were on their way to Buckingham Palace.

Huge lougans and brakes were loaded with the royal luggage, of which there was several tons. The Queen and Princess Victoria have brought back a great number of canaries and other song birds, together with a host of presents and curios collected during their tour.

YOUNG KING'S TOUR.

Spanish Monarch Starts on His Journey to Paris and London.

Alphonso XIII., the young King of Spain, has started upon his travels, during which he will visit Paris and London. His Majesty left Madrid on Saturday evening, and had an enthusiastic send-off. King Alphonso arrives in Paris to-morrow, and the city is gay with decorations in his honour.

On Monday, June 5, at four o'clock, he will arrive at Victoria Station, London, where he will be received in full state. His Majesty, during the stay in this country, will be the guest of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

RUN DOWN BY MOTOR-CAR.

Old Lady Seriously Injured by Car Driven by Well Known Wall-Street Stockbroker.

Mr. J. Bache, the well-known stockbroker of Wall Street, whilst driving in his motor-car near Rouen ran over and seriously injured Mlle. Pottier, who is seventy-four years of age, and is now lying in a precarious condition.

The occupants of the car were greatly concerned over the accident, and offered Mlle. Pottier money, but she refused to accept it. Mr. Bache has been summoned for furious driving.

AMBASSADOR'S DIGESTION.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid Ready for All the Dinners Awaiting Him in England.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who sailed for England on Saturday on the ss. Philadelphia, has expressed himself, says Reuter's New York correspondent, to the effect that in one way he was unhappy to leave America, and in another happy to go to the high post to which he had been called. The Ambassador laughingly added that his digestion was good, and he "guessed" that he would be able to stand all the dinners which would fall to his lot in England.

KING AND MINISTERS.

Norwegian Government Tender Resignation Which the Monarch Will Not Accept.

In view of the approaching marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught to the heir to the crown of Sweden and Norway, the disagreement between the two kingdoms is not without interest.

Norway insists on a separate consular service, and the Norwegian Government presented to King Oscar a law to effect this. On Saturday the King negatived the law, and thereupon the Government tendered its resignation, which his Majesty declined to accept.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Galt, Sub-Commissioner of Uganda, has been murdered by natives at Mbarara.

A party of swimmers at the pierhead at Worthing yesterday were considerably startled by the sudden appearance amongst them of several porpoises.

Tamazula, in Mexico, is said to have been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake. Large fissures have appeared in the earth, from which heavy clouds of vapour are rising.

Because the Chilean cruiser, Presidente Pinto, went ashore near Valparaiso, and is likely to become a total wreck, her commander, Captain Whiteside, committed suicide.

FIRST OF THE TEST MATCHES.

Both Sides' Great Batting Strength—The Probability of a Draw.

BOSANQUET IN FORM.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

To-day, at Nottingham, will see the opening stages of the first of the five Test matches which are to be contested between England and Australia.

Trent Bridge is a veritable billiard-board; the ordinary fast bowler is worse than useless—is the dictum of those "in the know." Hence the exclusion of Brearley, Warren—who, by the way, has a bad finger—and Wass. One must bow to the judgment of old players and judges, but the query remains unanswered: "Where is the foil to Rhodes and Bosanquet?"

B. J. T. Bosanquet, the greatest danger to them, from the Australian point of view, had a wonderful match against Sussex at the end of last week. Not only did he score 103 in the first innings, and 100 not out in the second, but also he took eleven wickets in the match for 128 runs.

"WORST-BEST" BOWLER.

Bosanquet has been not inappropriately described as "the worst best bowler in the world." Parodying an old verse:—

When 'e's good, 'e's mighty good,
But when 'e's bad, 'e's 'orrid.

It is a great deal a question of length with Bosanquet; but more, and this is a fact which is apt to be overlooked, a question of how he is played.

At present no two batsmen, humanly speaking, play Bosanquet alike, unless they play him utterly wrong. Only one player has, at present, discovered absolutely the right way to treat "those insidious slows." May the Australians not discover it is the hope from the English point of view.

Just how strong our batting will be to-day may be gathered from the fact that of the thirteen players chosen to represent England, nine have already topped the century this year. The four who are just waiting for the first opportunity are A. C. MacLaren, 93; G. L. Jessop, 60; Tyldesley, 71; and Lilley, 73.

F. S. Jackson is a household word in Test matches; he is a man who always plays 100 per cent. better in a Test match than against a weak county team. His batting up to date does not give a fair proof of his ability, and he must be left out of this small index of current form:

WHAT ENGLAND SHOULD MAKE.

Running up the averages of the other twelve players, it will be found that if each keeps up his present average, the side will total 593 runs. To keep up that average, however, is not easy against such a bowling side as the Australians have lately proved themselves to be.

Laver has been the "surprise-packet" of the side, and has, up to date, more than filled the position left vacant by Trumble's inability to accompany the present side. To be truthful, Laver is spoken of as "Trumble's understudy" and "the new Trumble." These observations, however, are not quite accurate. Laver is a different paced bowler to Trumble, being a great deal faster than the latter ever was.

Moreover, Laver bowls more on the off-theory than Trumble, and does not ply his horrible "leg-before" trick, which proved so fatal over here in 1902.

COLONIALS' STRONG BATTING.

McLeod also has been a disappointment—to us. It was believed by many good judges that McLeod might be the weak member of the combination, but up to date there has been no indication of the likelihood of any such thing. Not only has McLeod bowled extremely well, but also his batting has been very consistent; and they tell me that he "is not in practice yet."

The batting of the Australians needs but few words. Armstrong, Hill, Noble, and Duff have more than once proved conclusively that they are already in great form; while Trumper, "the failure," who has got tons of runs to get rid of, has collected an average of over thirty.

If the glass is to be taken as a certain criterion of the weather for this week, this first Test match is almost certain to be a draw. Given a true, hard wicket, neither the English nor the Australian side ought to get out twice under an aggregate of over 500 runs, and with the off-theory and other modern theories in vogue, it is extremely unlikely that 1,000 runs will be made in three days' cricket.

F. B. WILSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.—A batsman can certainly score more than one run off a no-ball.
E. T. W.—Jones has the better average. Smith has no average at all.

SUNNY SUNDAY**UP THE RIVER.**

Perfect Conditions Mark the Opening of the Season.

REIGN OF THE STRAW HAT.

Maximum temperature in the shade yesterday 78.

London basked in warm sunshine and a remarkably clear atmosphere yesterday. The sky was really blue, only flecked by a few fleecy, gossamer cloudlets as the afternoon wore on.

Everybody dressed accordingly, and the parks were thronged with ladies in light colours and white.

The sun was so hot that in many of the roads where experiments are being made with dust-preventive road materials the tar in the composition melted and blistered, and was ploughed into deep ruts by passing vehicles.

Yet another almost perfect week-end. All day yesterday it was simply delightful out-of-doors, brisk breezes tempering the heat, and continual bright sunshine making it literally a pleasure to be alive.

It was pre-eminently a day to go up the river, and from Teddington to far above Boulter's Lock, the smiling stream was dotted with craft of all descriptions.

It was the first real river day of the season, for though all the Sundays in May have been fine the evenings have been chill hitherto. But the English dandelion was not caught unawares. The lightest of dresses and the brightest of colours were seen everywhere. The lock by Maidenhead, always one of the busiest, passed some two hundred and fifty boats up-stream during the morning, and for hours the gay summer dresses of the fair and the flannels of the men made the scene a riot of joyous colour.

Straw Hats and Short Sleeves.

Straw hats bearing flowers of all shades were the most popular form of feminine headgear, and smiling faces above heliostopes, blue, and pink frocks made the locks look like beds of brilliant flowers.

The short sleeve, though it has been condemned, was worn by very many, and to masculine eye delicate white arms, bare to the elbow, added to the charms of the scene. Doubtless the advantages of a sleeve which enables its owner to trail her hand in the water or handle a punt pole without inconvenience proved irresistible to those graced with beautiful arms.

Many at Boulter's missed the familiar face of Turner, the old lock-keeper, who has lately retired, after so many years of service, but Harrison, his successor, proved a most efficient substitute, and the fleets of boats passed through without the slightest hitch.

Flocks of motor-cars came faintly from the roads and added to the pleasures of the day. For yesterday the happy occupant of a humble punt smiled into the bright eyes beaming at him, and pitted the dusty owner of a lordly 60-h.p. Mercedes.

Even the lady who, more daring than skilful, swung her punt across the stream in Bray Reach, and caused altogether unexpected complications among the craft following, could rouse no sign of ill temper. Everyone smiled and waited patiently while she scraped the paint from at least four vessels in her hurried attempts to get clear.

POLICE-GUARDED LINKS.

Sunday Golf Proceeds Under the Protecting Eye of the Law.

On the Walton Heath golf course yesterday the presence of a force of about a dozen policemen, placed by an inspector at all strategic points, prevented any recurrence of the rioting which took place last week, when a villager named William Earl was seriously injured by one of the players.

Throughout the day the course was crowded by players, parties following each other through the greens in quick succession.

The caddies were working at the old rates of pay, unhindered by the villagers, at whose prompting last week they "struck" work.

Earl, who remains at Guy's Hospital, is progressing slowly towards recovery.

COACHING CLUB MEET.

Brilliant sunshine favoured the Coaching Club's first four-in-hand meet of the season in Hyde Park, on Saturday.

Drawn by superb teams, which were handled by some of the best whips in the country, four-and-twenty coaches circled the park, and then drove on to Hurlingham.

Mr. Albert Brassey led the procession with four magnificent chestnuts, whose perfect action made even motorists jealous.

FOREST "WITCH."

Denies That She Is Responsible for a Farmer's Ill-Fortune.

The alleged "witch" of the Dean Forest, in Gloucestershire, a visit to whom is associated in the district with the series of terrible misfortunes which have recently befallen the family of Mr. John Markey, of Mayhill, ten miles west of Gloucester, is not by any means so formidable a personage as she has been represented.

"Old Ellen" was heard yesterday at her home in the heart of the Forest. She is a herbalist, nearly seventy years of age, and in her immediate neighbourhood has built up a great reputation as a healer of all kinds of human ills. Locally they do not call her a witch, but at Mayhill, ten miles away, the most tremendous powers have been attributed to her.

Her own account of her relations with farmer Markey is brief and positive. "He was a stranger to me till last Wednesday week, and then he came with his wife to ask for herbs, and to see if I could tell him who had stolen some money from him."

"Though I knew where his money was before he spoke, I told him nothing, except that he had better wait nine days, and then his money would come back to him."

"I am naturally a clairvoyante, just a little, but I have never had dealings with magic. Markey's son and daughter and granddaughter have not gone mad through me. I have tried to do good all my life, and have cured thousands of people."

Poor old Mr. Markey has become bedridden since last Monday. He is seventy-six, and very feeble. He would not say anything about the witch, but just shook his head and muttered "It's a bad business." The neighbours at Mayhill say that he was shown in a crystal by the "witch" the face of a relative who, she said, was the thief, and that this caused all the mischief.

VICTIMS OF GRIEF.

Bereaved Girl Falls Dead with a Wreath in Her Hand.

Two very pathetic stories of sudden death at railway stations are recorded.

Carrying a wreath, Florence Clatworthy, a good-looking servant, who had travelled from Minehead, alighted from the train at Tiverton on Saturday.

Scarcely had she turned to pass out of the station when she was seen to falter and then fall. On being picked up she was quite dead.

She had travelled to Tiverton for the purpose of attending the funeral of a sister, to whom she was greatly attached, and it is thought that her grief at the bereavement contributed to her tragically sudden death.

After hurrying to the railway station at Blackburn to bid farewell to his son, bound for New Zealand, on Saturday, Mr. Richard O'Brien, aged eighty, was informed that he was too late, the train had gone. Without a word Mr. O'Brien fell backwards and died instantly.

MUTE REGAINS SPEECH.

Skidding Bicycle the Cause of a Remarkable Cure Where Operation Failed.

A remarkable case of a dumb man suddenly recovering his power of speech has just occurred at Gosport.

Three years ago John Moore was invalided from the 15th Lancers through an illness contracted in South Africa. Soon afterwards he became dumb, and had remained thus afflicted until last Friday.

On that day he was riding a bicycle, when the machine skidded on the tramway lines, and, in falling, Moore tried to call out.

Instantaneously his power of speech returned to him, and he now speaks as well as ever. The bicycle was a borrowed one, and Moore proposes to buy it at any price as a memento of his singular cure.

PERVERSY OF FATE.

Wet through, and having a terrible gash on his head, a man named Samuel Ingham, of Burnley, told a remarkable story at Bury.

He said he tried to commit suicide on the railway at Heap Bridge, but failed. He went to the river to wash his head, but whereas, when he wanted death he failed to find it, this time, when not desirous of it, he nearly met it.

He fell into the river, and with difficulty got out.

ANOTHER INVASION OF LONDON.

Leicester's unemployed are determined to march upon London, although the national movement has fallen through.

Five hundred men, all young and strong, will leave the hotbed town at midday next Sunday.

KAISER'S CUP RACE.

Light Winds May Delay Arrival of Yachts at the Lizard.

LADY SKIPPER.

When the great Transatlantic yacht race started on the 18th inst., it was confidently expected that the leading yacht would be sighted off the Lizard not later than to-day.

But the "moderate breezes" that have been reported by marconigram from the Ocean may cause some delay.

There has been a great scarcity of reports as to the relative positions of the vessels since they passed the 50th meridian, a distance of about 2,000 miles from their destination.

According to one report the Hamburg last Wednesday was in longitude 44 deg. W., and the Endymion was sighted in the evening in longitude 45 deg. W.

Thus the German yacht would appear to be leading by something like 100 miles.

Though owned by a German syndicate, the Hamburg is really a British-built boat, formerly called the Rainbow.

It was at first thought that Captain Barr, of America Cup fame, who is in command of what was once the "favourite"—Mr. W. Marshall's Atlantic—would take the northern, which is the shorter, route, preferring to run the risks of meeting icebergs and storms.

But the Atlantic has several times been sighted on what is unmistakably the southern route.

Gallant Little Craft.

The Hamburg was the Atlantic's most dreaded rival, though the Valhalla, owned by the Earl of Crawford, was thought to have a good chance if favoured with strong winds.

Another boat that has made excellent progress is the smallest of the eleven vessels, the gallant little Fleur de Lys, of about ninety tons, skippered by Miss Simpson, the daughter of Dr. Simpson, the owner. Miss Simpson is one of the smartest yachswomen in America.

From the scanty information at present to hand it would appear that the Hamburg is likely to win, but much depends upon the weather.

The Kaiser will present the cup to the owner of the winning yacht at Kiel. The trophy is worth £750, and there are three other prizes.

The "mark-boat" will be the German gunboat Pfeil, stationed some four miles off the Lizard. This vessel is specially equipped with Marconi apparatus.

SERVICE CLUBS LAUGH.

"Times" Libel on the Army Treated with Ridicule by Members.

In the Service clubs on Saturday there was much talk among the few members left in town about the extraordinary attack on the British soldier in the "Times" History of the South African War.

The statement made in connection with Spion Kop that 5,000 ordinary British soldiers could not do what 500 "men" could do, was treated with ridicule rather than indignation.

"They used to say," remarked a well-known field officer to the *Daily Mirror* military correspondent, "that it took nine tailors to make a man. The 'Times' goes one better than this, and says it takes ten of our soldiers to equal one man."

"I had not the honour of participating in the defence of Spion Kop, being busily engaged myself in Lord Roberts's fighting-line, but I had a pretty fair opportunity of gauging the grit of those around me, and I certainly would not admit that they ever showed such physical and moral inferiority, as the 'Times' writer declares."

"I should have thought everybody who was in South Africa knew that the British soldier never retires until ordered so to do. That is the one redeeming feature of his lack of initiative."

LONDON AND NEW YORK EXCHANGE.

Our attention has been drawn by Mr. W. H. Butler Scott, of Lavenham, Highams Park, Chingford, to an article which appeared in our issue of May 4, under the above heading, in which we stated that Mr. W. H. Butler Scott was connected with the London and New York Exchange, now in liquidation.

We regret to find that we had been misinformed. The article was intended to refer to a case of the name of Albert Scott, who was one of the principals of the London and New York Exchange, and the name Butler Scott was mentioned in error.

We have been informed by Mr. Butler Scott that he has not and never has had the smallest interest in the London and New York Exchange, and of course the observations made in the article do not apply to him. We have to express our regrets to Mr. Butler Scott for having inadvertently introduced his name into the article.

LONDON'S SUNSETS.

Archbishop's Wife Says They Are the Most Beautiful on Earth.

There were no sunsets so lovely as those of London, said Mrs. Randall Davidson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on Saturday, when opening a free picture exhibition at the Borough Polytechnic. No other sunsets had the same beautiful mistiness. She had seen sunsets in other countries and other cities, yet she was always glad to come back to those of early associations—to the sunsets of Lambeth.

London needed art. There was so much squalor and sordidness that it was necessary to get all the beauty possible into the mind of the people. There was one beautiful place in South London to which she wished more people would come—Lambeth Old Church. She was sorry so many thousands in London knew nothing of its beauties; she had often been hunted out by Americans to show them over it.

In returning a vote of thanks to Mrs. Randall Davidson, Mr. G. Storey, A.R.A., told an excellent story of Lord Leighton, who once stood in front of one of his pictures, which had been lent to an exhibition, when a lady approached and said, "What a horrible picture! Whose is it?" "Mine," replied Lord Leighton. "Oh, you don't mean to say that you have bought it?" "No, I painted it." "Oh," came the startled reply; "but you mustn't mind what I say, I'm only repeating what everybody says!"

Canon Horsley said it was surprising that persons who lived in straight streets and dull-looking houses could have any sense of beauty. He was always glad when he saw at the Elephant and Castle the curve in the tramlines. His remark always was: "Thank God for that little curve."

RECKLESS MOTORING.

Association Formed To Check the Improper Use of the Roads.

To deal with the problem created by reckless motorists an association called the Highways Protection League has been formed. It numbers among its vice-presidents Lord North, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Willoughby de Broke.

The object is to get a lower speed limit and to secure the better regulation of motor traffic by local authorities. The subscription is 5s., and branches are to be started all over the kingdom.

For driving his motor-car at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, Mr. Leicester Barwell, of the Tower, Ascot, was on Saturday fined £3 and costs. It was admitted by a constable that the car was pulled up within a few yards, and for the defence it was argued that this could not have happened if the speed had been so great, without injuring the brakes.

"Better jar the brakes than the constable," said the magistrate.

At Norwich on Saturday a lad named Charles Dyer was fined 12s. 6d. for throwing a stone and breaking the lamp of Lord Hastings's motor-car in the village of Horsford.

ENERGETIC AT 109.

Aged Tramp Still Fit for Light Work and Heavy Meals.

The aged tramp, Thomas Withington, who was admitted to the workhouse at Northwich, in Cheshire, a few days ago, adheres to his astounding statement that he is 109 years old, though he has no documentary proof.

He says he has only once been attended by a doctor, and feels "grand." He can still do light work, like carpet-cleaning, and boasts that he can eat as hearty a breakfast as anyone, if he can get it.

For two nights before he was admitted to the "house" he slept under hedges. He spent several years in America, but was born at Pendleton, near Manchester. Both his sons were jockey apprentices at Newmarket, and afterwards trainers.

PIGEON DERBY.

A great pigeon fly took place from Bath on Saturday.

Twelve thousand birds in all were liberated from the Great Western and Midland stations. They belonged to Liverpool, Southampton, Cheshire, and South Lancashire districts. There were about 480 baskets of twenty-five birds each, and three specials were required.

The birds were expected to reach home within four hours.

COLD WATER CARNIVAL.

Of the 25,000 children and adults attending the twelfth annual festival of the London Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, nearly 1,500 took part in the various competitions.

In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Connaught distributed 1,682 prizes won in last winter's examinations.

CAPTIVE BRIDE OF MOROCCO.

Manchester Desdemona Unhappy
with Her Acrobatic Othello.

BUT STILL LOVES HIM.

Clara Casey, the Manchester girl whose marriage with a Moorish acrobat has caused so much trouble, will shortly return to England.

In an interview at Tangier she complained that her husband had a short temper, says Reuter, but declared she still loved him, and would rejoin him when he is released from the confinement consequent on his attack upon the Acting Consul.

The girl was only able to communicate her complaints to her parents by a ruse, for Mohamed Ben Belkassan, her husband, made her show him the letters she wrote home.

She wrote one letter to her parents, to which he could raise no objection, and, after he had read it, cleverly substituted another, in which she says: "He is always hitting me, and he spits and laughs at me now he has got me here, and tells me I will never see you again, and that I shall live and die here. Dear mother, I hope and trust to God I will soon be able to return to England again. What a fool I have been to give myself to this man."

Curious Marriage Ceremony.

"Say anything," she urges, "as long as I will be able to reach England again to tell the real truth. I have never been happy with him, and if I go on much longer it will kill me."

Mrs. Casey, the girl's mother, was interviewed by the *Daily Mirror*, and said that her family had no suspicion of the girl's infatuation until she returned home with her marriage lines. Then, as she was married, it was too late to raise objections. The next they heard of her was a letter saying she was on her way to Tangier.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Bilal Quilliam Bey, son of Abdullah Quilliam, Sheikh al Islam of the British Isles. The girl had previously become a convert to Islamism.

She said she had her parents' consent to the marriage. Her marriage lines included the words: "Nothing herein contained is to be construed in any manner or form to be otherwise than a marriage according to Islamic law, but not according to either Christian or Jewish law."

In the presence of the congregation, said Mr. Quilliam, the girl thrice made a declaration that she understood the meaning of this.

PASSION FOR CATS.

Neighbour Who Threw Gravel at Pets and
Pruned Sweet Peas.

Cats and everlasting sweet-peas were the cause of considerable difference between Edith Woolcott, 87, Arngask-road, Greenwich, and Mrs. Pettit, who lived next door.

According to the story related before the Greenwich magistrate on Saturday, Mrs. Pettit had thrown gravel at her neighbour and had cut off the tops of some everlasting sweet-peas.

Mrs. Pettit complained that her neighbour kept five cats and two rabbits, and that the animals were a source of annoyance to her. She threw gravel, she admitted, at the cats, and she cut off the tops of the sweet-peas because they intruded on her ground.

The Magistrate (after hearing considerable evidence): You are a nice neighbour.

He bound her over to keep the peace, and ordered her to pay the costs.

Like many single ladies, Emma Toogood, a woman in receipt of parish relief, and living in one room at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, had a strong partiality for cats, and kept eleven in her room. The animals were half starved, and on Saturday the justices made an order for the abatement of the nuisance caused by keeping the cats under such conditions.

WOMAN TO POLICEMAN'S RESCUE.

A Battersea lady pluckily went to the rescue of a constable on Saturday night.

The officer arrested in Winstanley-road, Falcon-road, Battersea, a burly man accused of theft. The latter fell the constable and made off, but his captor caught him up near Clapham Junction. Here a great struggle ensued, and, seeing the policeman in difficulties, a stylishly-dressed young woman rushed in and blew his whistle.

Several constables arrived, and the man was taken to the Lavender-hill Police Station.

In less than two hours after being accused of drunkenness, Mr. Edward Hassall, a farmer, sat on the same platform as the Duke of Westminster at a meeting at Chester. On Saturday, not only was the charge of inebriety dismissed, but the constable who brought it was fined for assaulting Mr. Hassall.

TOIL FOR A COFFIN.

Father Has to Break Stones to Bury
His Child.

Mr. Rose, the Tower Bridge magistrate, is awaiting a further explanation from the officials of the Southwark Union in regard to a remarkable and pathetic case which came before his notice on Saturday.

His advice was asked by Mrs. Margaret Campbell, a young married woman, of Webber-street, Blackfriars, who stated that on the 16th her thirteen-months-old child died from pneumonia in the Evelyn Hospital.

When she went to one of the relieving officers of the Southwark Union, taking with her the certificate of death, she explained that they had no money, as her husband was out of work, and asked for an order for burial.

The upshot of the matter was that her husband was told that before he could be granted a burial order he would have to break stones for the guardians for two days, and pay 1s. per week until the cost of the funeral was refunded.

Her husband worked at the stoneyard on Thursday and Friday, but what money he earned was retained as part payment. On Friday evening he was given the burial order, and referred to an undertaker. In the meantime the body of the child had been lying in the hospital mortuary uncoffined, and they were informed the burial could not take place until next Wednesday—sixteen days after death.

The magistrate sent an officer to inquire into the matter, and on being told "that all was done that could be done," deemed the explanation unsatisfactory, and said he would require a further report. He allowed the distressed woman, who said she had eaten nothing that day, 10s. from the poor-box.

GOLD IN A FIELD.

Boy Charged by His Mother Supposed To
Have Hidden the Money.

"The appetite of treasure-seekers may be whetted by the suggestion that about £20 has been hidden in a meadow near Dover; but should they find it they will be confronted by the fact that it probably belongs to a Mrs. Bourner of that place.

The circumstances of the case were revealed at the Dover Police Court on Saturday, when a boy of fourteen named Horace Bourner was charged with stealing from his mother's bedroom.

The mother said that on the previous day there was between £20 and £30 in gold locked up in her bedroom. In the afternoon the boy was missing, and so was the money. He was found by a watchman in the Northfall Meadow, and had not then a halfpenny on him. Whether he has buried it or not is at present unknown. Remanded.

BULLET'S DOUBLE BILLET.

Remarkable Result of Unfortunate Accident on
Volunteer Rifle Range.

Two sergeants of the Ashton-under-Lyne Volunteer Battalion of the Manchester Regiment were accidentally shot on Saturday afternoon, whilst the battalion were shooting near Stalybridge.

A young Volunteer named Horrocks appears to have mistaken the number of shots he fired, and as he was turning away to clean his rifle, a cartridge exploded, the bullet passing through Turner's stomach and striking Duggan.

Horrocks, who is a young man, became quite prostrate when he saw what had happened, and was the subject of quite as much sympathy on the range as the injured men, who were taken to the Ashton Infirmary.

SELF-WRITTEN EPITAPH.

"Frank Hollebone, aged sixty. Forty-five years working to make money for other people. Nothing to do now. No money. Slowly, but surely, going blind. Better end it than fly to other ills, if there are any."

Such was the self-written epitaph of a respectably-dressed man found in a field at Burgess Hill, shot through the mouth. At the inquest on Saturday a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

GERMAN SPIRITS FOR ENGLAND.

It was admitted by Emil William Olrest, of Tower-hill, at the Thames Police Court on Saturday, that he sold German spirits on commission in this country without a licence. The spirits, he said, were bonded at Harwich, and as he had not handled the goods he did not think a licence was necessary. Fined forty shillings and costs.

DEATH IN CHURCH.

Constitution was created at a Primitive Methodist church at Gateshead yesterday by the death of Mr. T. D. Urwit, who expired in a pew during the service from heart failure.

LADY AND "INSECTS."

Baronet's Wife Describes Her Tribulations in an Infested House.

The question whether a house in Hill-street, Kensington, was the haunt of mice and of those insects with which most people are acquainted at least by repute was the subject, on Saturday, of a duel in the Law Courts between Lady Affleck, wife of Sir Robert Affleck, Bart., and the wife of the Right Honourable H. E. Chatterton, Irish Vice-Chancellor.

The latter is the owner of the property, which Lady Affleck took for half a year for £94 10s., and Lady Affleck sought to recover half this amount on the ground that, for reasons suggested above, the place was, to use her counsel's words, not fit for human habitation.

Her ladyship, in the witness-box, bore out the thrilling details.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., for the other side: Was the first insect alive?—My maid killed it, and it was put into a saucer.

You saw one of the insects on a rose on the ceiling. Was this animal ejected?—We tried to knock it down.

What became of it?—It was thrown away. "But, dear me," continued Mr. Hall, "it was very valuable evidence, Lady Affleck."

Sir Robert Affleck, corroborating, said he saw the bites.

How did you kill these two insects? Did you hit them?—No, I stamped on them. I saw hundreds of them.

A servant whose room was in the attic said she could not sleep the night she had company. Her Lordship (with much bewilderment): Had what?

She had to wait until daylight to see them, as she had no candle. Then a lot of them ran away so fast she could not catch them.

His Lordship, concluding that the house was so infested with them as to be unfit for human habitation, gave judgment for Lady Affleck for £47 fs. rent, and £5 damages, with costs.

MONEYED ORGAN GRINDER.

Old Man Found Dead with Wounds—Woman
in Custody.

Another tragedy is engaging the attention of the Deptford police. The dead body of an old man named Bowring, and familiarly called "Shooter," was found in a house at Blizett-street, Greenwich.

The deceased was wrapped in a sheet, and on his head were several serious injuries.

A little while ago Bowring inherited a sum of money, estimated variously at hundreds and a few thousands. In consequence he gave up his vocation as a street organ-grinder.

A woman is in custody pending inquiry. Neighbours say that a month ago they heard a man's voice in the house calling "Oh, Hannah, Hannah!"

FUTILE SEARCH FOR DEATH.

Man Who Found Virulent Poisons Would
Not Kill Him.

According to his own story, George Robert Hales, warehouseman, of 55, Anthony-street, Stepney, remanded at Stratford Police Court on Saturday on a charge of attempted suicide, has made more than one effort at self-destruction.

"I tried to poison myself last week," he said, "by taking spirits of salts. When I saw the smoke coming from my mouth I was frightened. I didn't take enough, I suppose. Now I have taken precipitate powder and have failed. Next time I will try the water. I believe that will be much easier."

MERCHANT AND HAWKER.

Sir W. Hudson, Indian merchant, of 31, Russell-road, Kensington, appeared at West London Police Court on Saturday to support a remarkable charge of assault against Daniel O'Leary, a Notting Dale hawker.

O'Leary, said the merchant, obstructed him when he was running to catch the Indian mail, and asked him to buy plants. Because he would not do so, O'Leary struck him in the face with a basket.—Remanded.

ALLEGED COINING IN A FLAT.

The occupants of a Shepherd's Bush flat, in which a complete outfit for the manufacture of counterfeit coins was found, were committed for trial at West London Police Court on Saturday.

Their names were Arthur Courtney, packer; William J. Jones, artist; and Mary Courtney, dressmaker.

Ladies of the congregation, with upturned sleeves, could be seen busy scrubbing the sanctuary and chancel of Banbury Parish Church on Saturday.

JARDY STILL COUGHING.

Can a Horse with Such an Ailment
Win the Derby?

M. BLANC'S BAD LUCK.

Within three days of the Derby the prospects of the great race remain a perfect puzzle to the sporting public. "What chance does Jardy hold?" is the essential conundrum.

I have stated that Jardy was coughing on his arrival at Folkestone, and that the colt is still showing these ominous symptoms at Epsom is beyond reasonable doubt.

Any tyro can decide such a question on the evidence of his senses. Several of the most experienced trainers there have heard the raucous noise when the colt was led out to exercise.

Curious Reasoning.

It is not a matter for pleasantry, and the flippant observer who said it was not a cough, but Jardy's little respect even as a humorist. Some self-constituted authorities aver in print that they have not heard Jardy coughing—which statement as evidence is on a par with the Irish case in which four witnesses swore they saw the prisoner steal the ham, and for the defence ten other men swore they did not see him touch the joint.

Men of life-long experience in the training and racing of horses have heard M. Blanc's candidate coughing, and, knowing this fateful fact, they add that never in their long career has a horse with such an affection won an important race, much less a Derby.

On the other side we are confronted with the market, in which Jardy remains his place as second favourite at about 3 to 1. No one outside a lunatic asylum should accept such rates until it be clearly established that the colt will appear fit and well at the post on Wednesday. My emphatic opinion is that the French champion has not the slenderest chance of winning.

Another Competitor.

Rumours inimical to Vedas have also been current. The small number of probable competitors will be supplemented, since Sir R. Waldie Griffith has determined to run Liao. It is not impossible that this Ladas colt may create a surprise. In bolting before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas he traversed nearly three miles, and yet ran well for the greater part of the Rowley Mile.

The summerlike weather has baked the downs. The ground is as hard as a turnpike road, but the herbage on the course saves it just a little. The going will be very trying to the soundest-limbed horses.

It will be seen from our report of the French Derby, run yesterday, that it was won by M. Ephrussi's Finasseur—another instance of one of the greatest prizes of the season being lost to M. Blanc as a consequence of the disastrous epidemic which incapacitated his best horses.

GREY FRIARS.

JUDGE'S KINDLY WIFE.

Lady Darling Provides a Home for Poor
Magdalen of Deptford.

A pathetic figure among the witnesses in the recent mask murders case at Deptford, for which the two brothers, Alfred and Albert Stratton, were hanged, is the unhappy girl, Hannah Cromarty, whom Mr. G. R. Sims has dramatically characterised as the "Deptford Magdalen."

She was the intimate companion of Alfred Stratton, and half an hour after the passing of the sentence she was found by a policeman lying against the railings of St. Paul's Cathedral—stricken with sorrow for the fate of the young man she loved.

By the kind offices of Lady Darling, wife of the well-known Judge, the distressed young woman is being placed in a comfortable home, away from association with the scenes of the unspeakably sad episode in her life.

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ROBERTS WITH THE ADVANTAGE.

Exciting Play on Saturday in the Great Billiard Contest.

STEVENSON 233 BEHIND.

With both men fighting hard for the advantage Saturday's play in the big billiards match between Roberts and Stevenson was again intensely exciting.

Roberts's brilliant display on Friday had left the game in such an even and interesting condition that in spite of the delightful summer afternoon the hall was packed with enthusiasts.

The play was very interesting throughout, and although Roberts eventually reached his points, and Stevenson was 233 behind his proper position, there were some big fluctuations during the day. Thus, although there was little change in the respective positions of the players, Stevenson, who was 431 to the bad on Friday night, had slightly the best of the day's play.

VETERAN'S BRILLIANT RALLY.

At the start on Saturday afternoon Roberts got within 500 points of his youthful opponent by means of a splendid break of 276, which completed an unfinished 24 left from Friday evening. But then he fell away a good deal, and had ten visits to the table before he again exceeded 25.

Meanwhile, Stevenson ran up several useful items, including 144, 48, 119, and 140, but afterwards Roberts fully held his own, and at the interval was 713 behind, the scores being: Stevenson, 8,963; Roberts, 8,250.

Stevenson started the evening's play in brilliant style. Surely he gained upon the veteran, and at one time he was over 1,000 in front. But John Roberts had made up his mind to finish the first half of the match in front, and in brilliant style in quick succession he made runs of 100, 152, 121, and 30 unfinished. And the marker called the score at the close: Roberts (in play), 9,000; Stevenson, 9,767. Stevenson should have been 10,000.

WOMAN HOUSEBREAKER.

Pawns Stolen Goods in the Name of the Detective Who Arrested Her.

"I was the person who entered the house. My key fits the door." This was the confession made to Detective Sharp by Annie Melton, of Biggin Hill, Upper Norwood, who at Croydon on Saturday was charged with breaking and entering a neighbour's house and stealing some clothing and two brooches.

The case had been adjourned for the purpose of an inquiry into the condition of Mrs. Melton's mind, but the doctor reported that he could trace no mental disturbance.

A curious circumstance in the affair was the fact that the prisoner in pawing some of the stolen things gave the name of the detective who afterwards arrested her.

Mr. W. Hood, for the defence, informed the Bench that the prisoner's relatives were willing to look after her if she were released.

The magistrates adjourned the case for three months.

VISITOR'S STRANGE VIGIL.

Stands for Two Hours Between Infuriated Husband and His Wife.

A series of charges of remarkable cruelty were brought in the Divorce Court on Saturday against Mr. Richard Noel Belcher Birken, said to be a well-known Nottingham county gentleman.

The wife, in her petition, said her husband took to drink, threatened to murder her, threw a knife and a soda siphon at her, and had dragged her out of bed.

Mr. Charles Pewtress, who used to visit the parties, said he once went into their house in response to cries of "Murder."

Asked what happened when he reached the room, he said: "I was afraid the husband would strike his wife with a knife, and I stood between them for over two hours. Eventually I persuaded him to let me have the knife, which I hid under the mattress.

Decree nisi, with costs, granted, with the custody of the child.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Fred Timms and Tom Langley, who were fined for poaching at Northampton, rode to the game preserves on bicycles, and carried field-glasses.

Mr. Justice Warrington attains his fifty-fourth year to-day.

Rats gnawing matches caused a fire to break out in a shop in Dillwyn-street, Swansea.

In mistake for pepper a Dublin woman sprinkled red oxide of mercury on her food. She now lies in hospital in a serious condition.

To-day London bakers make a reduction of one halfpenny per 4lb. loaf in the price of household bread. Flour will also be reduced one halfpenny per quarter.

Because he was not able to stand on one leg, a fish dealer, who had been arrested at Blackpool, was judged to be drunk by the doctor who was called in to settle the point.

On board the new Ramsgate lifeboat which made her first trip to the Goodwin Sands on Saturday was the donor, Mrs. Charles Stephens, of Reading, who was presented with a bouquet and an address.

Accused of the theft of a bicycle at Barnsley on Saturday, a miner said, in defence, that having fallen against it he took it home to see if it were damaged.

Five or six of the lightships near Ramsgate are to be placed in communication with the coast by wireless telegraphy.

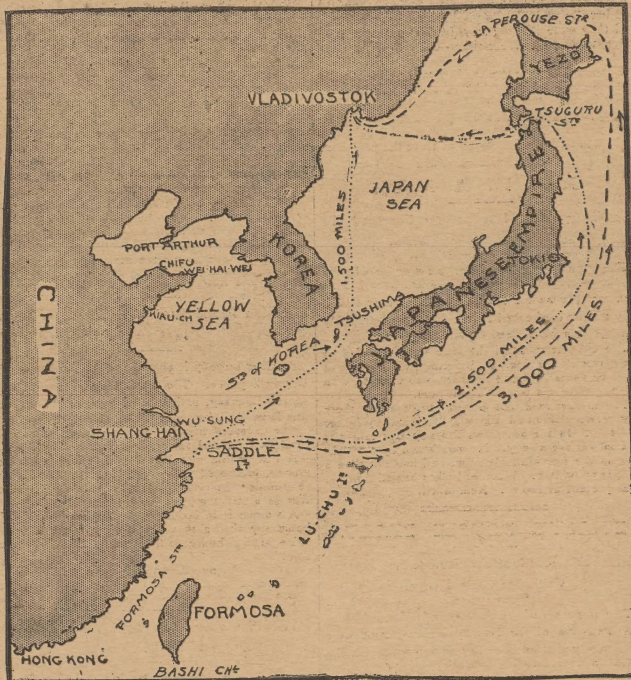
An emetic had to be given to a child who fell head first into a pail of soapsuds at Pontnewynydd (Mon.) before it fully recovered.

Smallpox has broken out amongst children attending a school at Derby. Eight pupils have been removed to the hospital, and the school has been closed.

Near Birmingham a manufacturer has a study that is lined, even to the roof, with nothing but chains of various thicknesses and padlocks of different sizes.

The Dowager Lady Tweedmouth is selling her beautifully appointed mansion in the Circus, Bath, where she has resided since the death of Lord Tweedmouth in 1894.

BALTIC FLEET RUNNING THE GANTLET.



This map shows the waters in which the Russian and Japanese fleets are seeking battle or avoiding it. The Russians were last heard of positively at the Saddle Islands, not far from Shanghai. Their destination is Vladivostok. Rumours are cable to the effect that they have reached the Straits of Korea. The dotted lines show alternative routes from the Saddle Islands to Vladivostok.

Orders for a hundred engines have been placed with the North British Locomotive Company, of Glasgow, by the Japanese Government.

Criticising Winsford (Cheshire) Meadow Bank School, one of the managers said he understood it was built of clinkers from the saltworks. Another member said he would not like to put a horse in it.

Two men who broke into the pavilion at the Sussex County Cricket Ground and stole a quantity of the players' clothing were each sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Hove Town Hall on Saturday.

Having failed to pay the fines recently imposed of £250 each for breaches of rules in connection with brokerage commissions, the four associate members of the Liverpool Cotton Association have been removed from the membership roll.

Admiralty experts are unable to discover the cause of the accumulation of foul gases on the battleship Royal Oak. The three men who were injured in the recent fatal explosion on board, due to this accumulation, are still in a somewhat serious condition.

Whilst looking on at a bowling match at Newcastle on Saturday, John Graham, aged seventeen, was struck by a 22oz. bowl used by a player, and had to be taken to the infirmary.

Two detectives searched a Leeds man's house without being in possession of a warrant for the purpose. In the county court they were ordered to pay five guineas damages to the householder.

Mr. C. Bonfield, of Stainmore, Kirkby Stephen, has a dog which regularly gathers the eggs from the hens' nests when they are laid, and, bringing them to the farmhouse, lays them carefully down on the kitchen floor.

Flames burst through the ceiling of the Burslem Town Hall whilst a smoking concert, attended by over 200 people, was in progress on Saturday night. The fire brigade turned out rapidly and prevented much damage.

To-morrow the London County Council will be asked to sanction the placing of memorial tablets on No. 64, Duncan-terrace, Islington, and No. 31, Baker-street, W., the respective residences of Charles Lamb and Edward Bulwer Lytton.

AWAITING WAR NEWS.

Apathy on the Stock Exchange—
Consols Ease Off to 90½.

KAFFIRS CLOSE BADLY.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—Saturday enjoyed its usual slackness. A fine day kept members away, and the fact that Monday is the general carry-over day would also tend to keep business quiet. But the market had also got the story of the naval fight in the Far East, and, pending news about it, nobody was inclined to take liberties. Everybody is waiting to see what is going to happen in connection with the monthly settlement. Some failures are expected, and unfortunately the evidence of liquidation of accounts continues. To-day there was quite a fair amount of selling of Kaffirs on Paris account. Stories are circulated about one or two firms here chiefly in connection with Americans. The people are in the mood to gossip, and names were mentioned somewhat recklessly.

Though money prospects continue decidedly bright, even if we allow for French exchange not having recently been quite so favourable, Consols have nevertheless gone against holders to a slight extent, easing off to 90½. The nearness of the monthly carry-over day would be quite enough excuse, but the appearance of a Durban loan in Four per Cents. to the amount of £500,000 would be also sufficient reason. People dread another rush of more or less good class loans, and it will be interesting to see whether this Durban loan finds favour or not. Certainly the moment of issue is not very propitious.

NO AMERICAN REVIVAL.

The news from New York overnight was liked, showing as it did a more sanguine tendency. Apparently we shall have no American revival, however slight, without wild rumours of deals, and guarantees, and so forth. The British public, fortunately, is not much taken in by them. So to-day, Ontario, which were hoisted yesterday on various rumours, were promptly sold to secure profits, and the close of the market here was dull all round. There was practically no Street market, the arbitrators seeing more profit in a few bright hours outside the City than in it. The approach of next Tuesday's holiday on Wall Street would, in any case, tend to keep business within very narrow limits.

Canadian Pacific have been firmer in tendency with the American market, though a little inclined to ease off before the close. Grand Trunks were kept up, though fears are expressed as to what Monday's earnings statement for April will be like. But except Antagast, which were firm again, there was not much feature to-day in the Foreign Railway group. Argentine Rails, Mexican Rails, and the rest were dull for choice, but there was very little business to test the market.

LYONS'S SHARES RECOVER.

The Lyons position continues the subject most discussed in the Miscellaneous group. The directors issued a vigorous reply to the Fry circular, in which some fairly strong statements are made, and apparently more are promised at the meeting. The Fry circular seems to have lost its influence, and the price of the shares has rallied to 5½. It is hoped that the auditors will make a somewhat detailed statement at the meeting as to the position and the business methods. Another point worth noting in the Miscellaneous group is the continued firmness of the textiles, in which Coats lead the way. There is a better feeling about National Explosive shares, the company which issued such a poor report the other day.

Of Kaffirs, perhaps the best that can be said is that they closed at the worst. They were a nasty, unsatisfactory market, with no support, and French sales to supplement our own liquidation. All leading descriptions were offered, and even Rhodesians showed weakness, and yesterday's light carry-over rates had no influence. The market seemed to have no heart left. Verneising shares were damaged by the fire, though apparently the workings are not much inconvenienced. There is a new Langlaagte Deep issue. Attempts are being made to work up interest in Kaffirs as a whole, by stories of reduced working costs, and increased profits. However, it is all to no purpose. As regards other mining markets there is not much to be said. Westralians, perhaps, were rather firmer, with the exception of Golden Horseshoes. West Africans are still rather dull.

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all letters, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

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"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
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"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 29 1905.

THE LUXURY IDIOT.

I do not doubt that exemption for a number of generations from any participation in the struggle for existence, with high feeding and effeminacy, tends to produce mental weakness of a special type.—*Sir James Crichton-Browne last week before the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded.*

SEVERAL correspondents have queried our assertion that for a man to live without doing any kind of work, without in any way justifying his existence, is not only bad for the community, but bad for himself. "Courtesy Peer," whose letter we print to-day, is particularly aggrieved at the suggestion that he would be better if he worked instead of merely playing.

To him and to all who think as he does we commend the opinion of the famous brain doctor, quoted above. Even our correspondent does not claim to be strong mentally as well as physically. Let us admit, however, that he has as much mind as the average man. His ancestors, who struggled so hard to win him his courtesy title, bequeathed to him also an intellectual heritage, not yet quite exhausted.

But does he realise that he is squandering that heritage as fast as he can? What will his sons be like, and their children again? They will, according to every standard of probability, be what Sir James Crichton-Browne calls "luxury idiots" or "the type known as aristocratic noodles."

CAST-IRON CRUELTY.

Everyone knows the horror in which "the parish" is held by the poor. Few people know exactly why our elaborate and expensive poor-law system has so utterly failed. Yet the reason is simple enough.

It was set up for the purpose of making life easier to the needy and the suffering. To do that effectively love and sympathy are needed, and loving and sympathetic is just what our poor-law has never been. Here is a concrete example of the spirit in which it is worked.

At a London police-court on Saturday a poor woman told a pitiful tale. Her thirteen-months-old baby died on May 16. Her husband was out of work. They had no money in the house. She therefore asked, on the 17th, for an order to have the tiny body buried at the parish expense.

The answer she got was that her husband must apply himself. He went next day (the 18th), and was told he must attend before a committee of guardians on the 24th. He did so, and then learnt that he would have to work two days in the guardians' stone-breaking yard to defray part of the cost of the funeral, and pay the rest in shilling weekly instalments.

He did the two days' work (receiving nothing for himself or his wife to live upon), and on the 26th he was given the burial order. When he took it to the parish undertaker he found that the funeral could not take place till next Wednesday, the 31st.

For thirteen days the child's body has been lying uncoffined in a hospital dead-house. For thirteen days the parents have been driven from pillar to post in their attempt to get it buried.

Then, at least, is the story told by the mother. It is being inquired into. We cannot let it rest here.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I find a great campaign is being waged everywhere against the soul. The only things considered now are the pocket and the liver.—*John Oliver Hobbes.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ENGLISH Society is already beginning to grow excited over the visit of the King of Spain, who has arrived in Paris on his way to London. A great deal is done to define the personality of our royal guest, and some delightful stories are told about him in the June number of the "Fortnightly Review." As a boy he seems to have been refreshingly mischievous. His governess once rebuked him for putting his knife in his mouth by saying, "Gentlemen never eat like that." "But I am a King," said the child. "Kings still less put knives in their mouths." "This King does!" retorted the child, which seemed to settle the question.

His kindness of disposition, and his sincerity, are illustrated by other stories. When he saw, from the palace gardens, a little lame girl crying because her companions had left her, he insisted that she should be sent for, and consoled her by giving her the toys he had been playing with a moment before. Not long ago, to give another instance, he arrived at the scene of an accident in Madrid, and called out to those who began to cheer him: "No cheers, no cheers; to work. Succour the victims!" His attitude with regard to mar-

to do his best for all patients committed to his care, and to acquire equanimity in misfortune and success. He seemed to say more in few words than all the other speakers of the evening had said in many.

Judge Stonor, who is about to retire after not less than sixty-three years at the Bar, is still, in spite of his eighty-five years, more energetic than many of his younger colleagues. At the Brompton County Court, from half-past ten to four, you may see him wading tirelessly through the intricacies of a hundred and one odd cases. He keeps his court amazingly hot—that is one of his characteristics. He wears antique eye-glasses, made of a kind of horn or tortoiseshell—that is another. He is still very quick at correcting witnesses. Someone in his court not long ago talked about a horse having an attack of "knee-grins." "What's that?" roared the Judge. "Megrim, ye mean; megrims, megrims."

Visitors to Ascot this year, especially ladies, will be glad to find that a covered way has been provided from the railway station direct to the grand stand. The London and South-Western Railway Company have built a shelter from the platform exit over the asphalt path to the foot of the bank which visitors have to ascend before the main

MR. LEWIS WALLER AS THE MONEY-KING.



See notice on this page of "Hawthorne, U.S.A.," at the Imperial Theatre.

riage, finally, is revealed in the reply which he made to someone who advised him to make up his mind quickly. "Of one thing you may be certain. I must see my wife and choose her myself. I am not going to marry a photograph!"

Dr. William Osler, who has just arrived in England from New York with all the fame of having invented "oslerification," which means the process of chloroforming those who are past sixty, behind him, has reached that fame suddenly, and, as it appears, through a slight misapprehension. He was not so dogmatic on the subject of useless, middle-aged people as an American newspaper reported. He merely quoted something which the novelist, Anthony Trollope, had said against them, and wondered laughingly if it were true. Thereupon, stung by a splendid inspiration, the American reporter began to get up a sensation about it, and Dr. Osler awoke, like Byron, to find himself famous.

Up till that memorable lecture Dr. Osler had lived quietly, modestly, at Baltimore or New York as a scholar and a professor of medicine. No one could help being struck with this modesty of his who attended the banquet which 500 fellow physicians, the medical aristocracy of America, gave him at the gorgeous Waldorf-Astoria in New York not long ago. The dinner was lengthy and rather noisy, the speeches were excellent, the praises poured upon the doctor almost oppressively eloquent. Finally, the guest of the evening rose, and remarked in his deprecatory manner that his three ideals had been—to do the day's work well,

entrance to the racetrack is reached. There a path, roofed and partially screened at the sides, has ascot cut through the thickly-wooded grounds of Ascot Heath House. A lofty and well-lighted subway forms a continuation of the path underneath the main road, and gives admission to the rotunda of the grand stand. Thus it will no longer be necessary to make one's way through the crowd of carriages, and the c-holders will remain under cover continuously from the time they enter the trains at Waterloo.

Mr. John Ridegley Carter, who is acting as *Chargé d'Affaires* until Mr. Whitelaw Reid's arrival in London, has been a secretary at the American Embassy since 1896. He is certainly one of the most popular Americans over here, and is a member of all the best clubs in London. He comes from Virginia, and retains a slight accent which betrays the fact. Mrs. Carter is also well known in English society, and gives very small and very amusing dinner-parties in her pretty house in Chesham-street. Her clothes are beyond all feminine reproach. She is always dressed at least six months in advance of the fashion.

It appears that the story I quoted from a contemporary a few days ago to the effect that the Maharajah of Kapurthala had married an Englishwoman is one of the stories which float about "in the air" but which are, nevertheless, inexact. The Maharajah has, I am informed, never married a European at all, nor has he fifty native wives in India. He is a fine shot and an excellent tennis player, but does not play cricket or polo.

THE MONEY KING.

Saturday Night's New Piece at the Imperial Theatre Well Received.

"Money is the root of all evil," said Saint Paul. "Money is the basis of all power," says Mr. J. B. Fagan, author of "Hawthorne, U.S.A."

It is a suggestive theme, this all-embracing importance of gold in the modern world. Someone ought to make a real drama of it. Mr. Fagan has only used it as the basis of a melodrama, and not a very good one at that.

Still, it is something for a melodrama to have an idea at the back of it, and it is also something to have Mr. Waller fitted with a new kind of part. He himself is Hawthorne, U.S.A., the young American who falls in love with a princess. She is only a Princess of Borrovina, a small State "somewhere in the mess of South-Eastern Europe"—as it might be Servia, say. Still, she has very exalted ideas of her rank and its obligations, and it is the levelling of these that Mr. Fagan shows us.

Hawthorne, at first, has no hope of winning the Princess Irma. He is poor and unimportant. Suddenly he becomes a millionaire thirty times over. Two relatives are killed in a motor-car accident (no play is ever without its motor-car nowadays), and he comes into their money.

At first he cannot believe it. How shall he convince himself of his good fortune? "Go outside," suggests a friend, and "buy something you can't afford." Next comes the thought of what his money will enable him to do.

OMNIPOTENT MONEY.

Borrovina is on the verge of bankruptcy. He will pay its arrears of debt interest. At first the King thinks he is mad, but as soon as Hawthorne produces evidence of his riches, his offer of a loan is accepted with hysterical gratitude.

Borrovina, too, is on the edge of revolution, Hawthorne can settle this. He takes the whole affair into his own hands, orders all the Court and State officials about, "runs" the whole palace. The King himself knocks at his door before he enters the room.

Hawthorne addresses the conspirators at midnight. "Borrovina is sick. Granted. Your remedy is revolution. Mine is money." Money triumphs, of course. Everyone gets a little. Everyone is satisfied—except the Princess.

However, even she relents at last—Miss Millard relenting in the moonlight is a pretty picture—and the era of matches between poor princesses and rich Americans is opened with complete eclat.

Mr. Waller's humour, Mr. Waller's decision, Mr. Waller's romantic love-making, Mr. Waller's American accent—these are the play. The only other actor who makes any impression is Mr. A. E. George as an unusually intelligent Minister of Police.

TWO MEN OF THE HOUR.

Roberts and Stevenson.

THE Englishman truly loves the man who excels at any sport. That Roberts is the greatest billiard player the world has seen is beyond question. He is greater even than his father, who was champion before him.

There is no reason why the professional billiard-player should have any special appearance, but, none the less, Roberts does not look like one. He looks like a diplomat, or a successful doctor. His bearing is dignified and resolute; his bow is an exhibition of grace to wonder at. Half the fascination of watching his play is in "the way he does it."

Another thing about him is that having a keen eye for the sensational and dramatic, a strong will, and a temper under perfect control, he can give the game special attractions for the spectator.

Stevenson is rather a different type of man. Great player he certainly is, but he is not a Roberts, though he has modelled his billiards upon that of the great man. Still, he has youth on his side, against Roberts' fifty-eight years, and there is no knowing what he may become.

A hard-headed Yorkshireman, the last thing he cares to talk about is himself. Only in one thing does he show "canniness" desert him. He cannot bear ill-fortune on the table. The irritability in which he indulges when the luck is against him often has a serious result on his fortunes as a player.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 28.—Summer's early flowers begin to open. White lupins are compact masses of spiral bloom. Pink and white rockets scent the evening garden. These charming flowers are seldom seen save in "old gardens," but are worthy of wider cultivation. Columbine, in all shades of colour, start blooming so quickly that one is often too late with stake and string. The early variety of monkshood (a plant with lovely foliage) adds a blue touch to informal beds. The roots of monkshood are very poisonous, and must not be grown near vegetables. From their shady quarters, like those of the valley, tempt one to gather fragrant bunches. Yes! summer is here. Down her warm ways we shall soon forget that the trees were ever bare.

E. F. T.

LATEST NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

CLEVER HORSEWOMAN WINS £100.



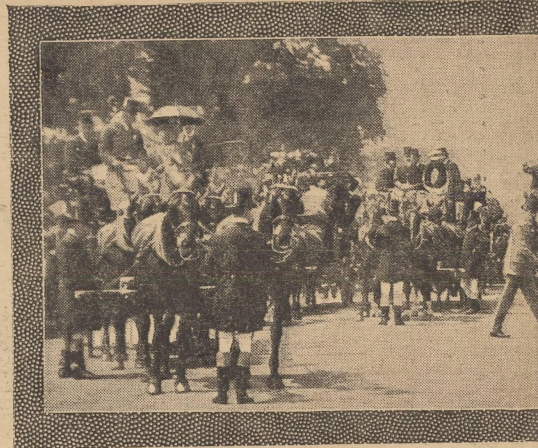
Mlle. Mariska Recsey, a horsewoman whose performance at the Palace Theatre has aroused much interest, has just succeeded in winning her wager of £100 to ride any horse over a regulation steeplechase course. She rode five horses over a number of obstacles without being thrown at Mr. Woodland's well-known training establishment at Purley. Mr. Woodland appears with her in the second and third photographs. The latter was taken immediately after the trials were concluded.

80,000 MINERS INVADE BLACKPOOL.



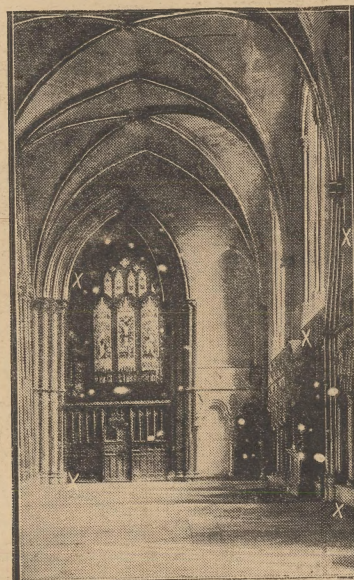
An army of members of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, with their wives and friends, totalling something like 80,000, invaded Blackpool on Saturday. The portraits in the left-hand top corner, in order from right to left, are those of Mr. Glover (treasurer of the Miners' Federation and Parliamentary candidate for St. Helens), Mr. Edwards, and Mr. T. Ashton respectively president and secretary of the Miners' Federation.

COACHING CLUB MEET IN



In brilliant sunshine the Coaching Club held the first four-in-hand meet of the season, and the parade in the Park was a fine spectacle. Afterwards the

IN DANGER OF FALLING.



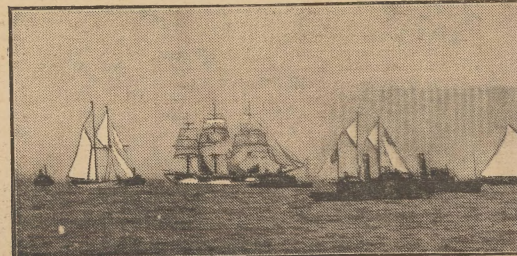
The condition of part of Winchester Cathedral is causing great anxiety. There has been a subsidence at the south side of the east end, and as a result the walls, marked + in the photograph, are now very much out of the perpendicular, as may be seen. Immediate steps are being taken to ensure the safety of the fabric.

AMERICAN



The American tea party now being held at the... and seat...

START OF THE ATLANTIC



Going from right to left, the yachts photographed are:—Thistle (American), Ailsa, and Hildegard (last four American). The race will terminate at the...

HYDE PARK ON SATURDAY.



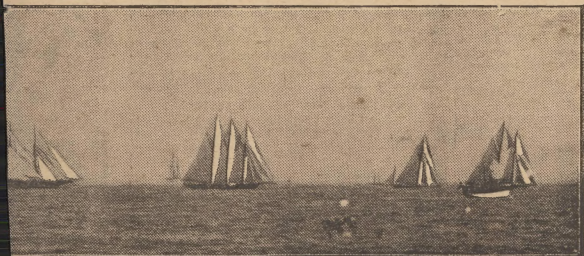
the season in Hyde Park at noon on Saturday. Twenty-four coaches were in evi-
coaches went on to Hurlingham, Mr. Albert Brassey leading the procession.

COMPETITORS FOR LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.



which has come to England in order to play in the ladies' international contest,
Cromer. In the centre of the group is Mrs. Bettle, who is chaperoning the team,
in the basket-chair by her side is Miss Bishop, the American champion.

ACHT RACE FROM SANDY HOOK.



Alhalla (British), Utowana (American), Hamburg (German), Endymion, Atlantic,
ard, where the Kaiser, who offers a cup for the winner, has stationed a gunboat
k arrivals.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS
BY EXPRESS

FARMER'S FAMILY BEWITCHED.



A woman of seventy, known as Old Ellen, who lives in the Forest of Dean, is alleged to have
bewitched the family of Farmer Markey, of May Hill, near Cinderford. Owing to her wiles, it is
said, Markey has become bedridden, and his son, daughter, and granddaughter have been rendered in-
sane. No. 1 is a portrait of Old Ellen, the reputed witch; No. 2 shows Farmer Markey at work in his
garden; and No. 3 is a photograph of his son and niece.

INFURIATED ELEPHANT RUNS AMOK IN A CIRCUS.



At Bakewell an elephant performing in Lord George Sanger's circus suddenly turned against its keeper,
felling him to the ground with a blow of its trunk. It next turned upon Mr. George Coleman,
whose portrait is inserted in the left-hand top corner of the photograph above, which was taken after
the maddened elephant had been shot by a party of Volunteers.

WAR CORRESPONDENT
N WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

EMPIRE OF THE EAST OR JAPAN AND
RUSSIA AT WAR, 1904-5." By Bennett
Burleigh. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

There are several interesting references in Mr. Burleigh's book to the part women have played in Far Eastern war. According to all accounts it has been a very honourable and touching part on Japanese side, and sometimes on the Russian side.

Of Japanese women in general, Mr. Burleigh writes:

Woman's sphere and limitations are even more clearly defined in Japan than in Germany. Her mission here is to be courteous and smile upon the slightest excuse. And she has her part to perfection. He surely was a rude and untruthful fellow who wantonly said that "there was not a blush or a whole school of them." And he may have been but a bouncer who interjected, "Don't you believe him, I know better than that."

The girls and the women are full of gambols and games. Their very hen-toed gait—due, it is said, to cut and scantiness of their skirts—has a charm of its own.

In the field hospitals Mr. Burleigh greatly admired and respected the sweetly-piquant Japanese Cross nurses.

They were a not unattractive half-Scotch "mouch," half-French chef's cap upon their cheeks, completely hiding their glossy raven locks.

There is no South African afternoon-tea, lawn-tennis, or calico-dance air about them—none whatever.

Not did the women who stayed at home show less admirable qualities:—

No Greek or Roman mothers ever bore their sons going to war, or the bringing home of their dead bodies upon their shields, with better fortitude than the Japanese mater.

Modestly sedate and unemotional, they said their "The gods speed you"; but as I looked more closely, I noted here and there grief-stricken faces, woe-begone eyes, and tears and sobs that were only withheld by the effort of well-nigh choking themselves by pushing the wrappings of their garments into their mouth.

In the Russian side, too, there were displayed the womanly qualities in the most unexpected manner:—

In Port Arthur there were many women who remained shut up with the besieged. And, alas, there were a number of unfortunates! But let this be said on behalf of our common humanity, whilst the good behaved as angels ministering to the sick and wounded, cheering the sorrowing, the Madagascars proved that their better nature was not dead, for with daring courage they, too, tended and nursed the patients in the hospitals.

POST IN THE WINNING.
By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ANDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

DE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

MR. TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

OLDFOSSE ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

JOE MARVIS: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I'm her husband, that's all!"

It seemed as if a chorus of voices repeated those words, shouted them mockingly into Merrick's ears over and over again.

He had guessed it all along—the voice which he had refused to listen to had told him so directly as he heard the truth with his own ears, now that he was confronted with the truth, the shock was as terrible as if he had been absolutely unprepared for it.

The truth?

Merrick looked at Dolores for confirmation—or denial. Yes, yes, surely she would deny such an outrageous statement; that hideous, grovelling creature was not her husband; he was far away in a distant country—this man was a charlatan, a blackmailer.

It was a trick—a trick of Vogel's. Merrick looked

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

Sun-Spots Again?

The perfume of the lilac this year, for some unaccountable reason, is so extremely strong that it has caused sickness and fainting attacks in more than one instance. Wallflowers are said to have the same peculiarity:—"The King."

How Bismarck Got Rid of Bores.

Mr. Andrew D. White, the American author and diplomat, tells a good story of Bismarck in the autobiography he has just published. Lord Odo Russell (Lord Amthill) had asked the great Chancellor how he managed to get rid of the numbers of bores who called upon him.

To this the Chancellor answered that he and Johanna (the princess) had hit upon a plan, which was that when she thought that her husband had been bored long enough she came in with a bottle and said, "Now, Otto, you know that it is time for you to take your medicine." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when in came the princess with the bottle, and repeated the very words which the husband had just given.

Both Bismarck and his visitor burst into "Titanic laughter," and parted on the best of terms.

The Latest Bridge Story.

The hostess who inveigles her guests into playing bridge for high stakes would soon cease to exist if she were more often treated as one of her class has just been. A young bride from the north was invited to a bridge luncheon in London. After spending a delightful afternoon she was informed by her hostess that she was in debt to the tune of £15. As she had no idea she had been playing for money, she was horrified, but sensibly told her husband all about it. He promptly sent off a cheque for £15 7s. 6d. to the hostess, who, believing he had made a mistake in the amount, returned it. But there was no mistake. She got the cheque back again next day with the curt statement that the £15 was for the bridge debt and the 7s. 6d. for his wife's luncheon.

Dagonet's Simple Life.

Mr. George R. Sims has just added his contribution to the "Simple Life" discussion, but disclaims all credit to himself for the details, the simplicity of which has been forced upon him by circumstances. "I am called at eight," he says. "By a quarter-past eight I am awake. I read my morning papers, and in between I have a cup of tea. That takes half an hour—the tea, the newspapers. At a quarter to nine I rise. At half-past nine I breakfast—tea and eggs and bacon; this has been my simple breakfast all my life. At a quarter to ten I take the dog out. I begin work at ten; and I write till one. Then I take the dog out."

"At two I take the meal of the day, sometimes three courses, more often two, joint and pudding. I drink ginger ale or a tablespoonful of whisky in a bottle of Rosbach. At three I take a penny omnibus to the West End and spend an hour at the club—frequently in the library at work. At half-past four I go home. At five I take the dog out. At half-past five I have a cup of tea, bread-and-butter, and an egg, and read four evening papers. At seven I begin work again, and work till half-past twelve or one. Then I go to post and take the dog out. Then I go to bed."

at Dolores. Her face killed the last feeble flicker of hope in his heart. Her face told him that it was true, the creature before them was her lawful husband.

Then he laughed aloud, and Dolores started and caught his arm, and looked at him with her big frightened eyes.

"Don't you hear? Don't you understand, Arthur—it's true. He—he is my husband. Vogel has deceived me, cheated me! Oh," she cried, with sudden, passionate rage, throwing aside head and trembling, now rather with rage. "Oh, he shall pay dearly for this! And you," turning to Hilary, who still stood with his grey eyes fixed on his wife, "and you, if you attempt to molest me, or interfere with him," pointing to Merrick, "you shall be handed over to the police. You cannot veil black-mail with impunity in this country."

Hilary smiled and shook his head. "Yes, you might be able to do that—to send your husband to prison—but for your own sake I should advise you to do nothing rashly. You might find yourself in prison yourself, you know!"

"If you dare threaten, husband or not, I'll kick the life out of you, here and now, you cur," Merrick shouted.

Hilary showed no fear, though every minute his face grew like his eyes, more grey and ashen. "Your husband a blackmailer," he chuckled to Dolores, "your lover a murderer! How charming for you."

There was silence awhile. The sun was rising high in the sky now, the white mists had all melted away, the scent of gorse came on the wings of the breeze. A fork bent straight up towards the blue sky, throwing his song down to earth, the notes dropping like the silvery sound of falling waters. The contrast between the beauty and joy of the new-born day and the misery of the sordid tragedy being enacted on the hillside was terribly sharp. The bird carrying his song to the heavens; man grovelling with his burden of sin down into the depths.

"What do you want Mrs. Hilary to do?"

Merrick spoke quietly, calmly; he had come down to the bed-rock, he recognised the inevitable.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LIVING WITHOUT WORKING.

I cannot see why the *Daily Mirror* is so anxious for everybody to work.

What is the object of life? To keep well, be happy, and avoid worries of every kind. I achieve that object without doing any work at all—unless you call hunting, shooting, polo, and cricket work. I was born to good, a specimen of humanity, and as happy and healthy a man for my age, as any worker you could produce.

Bath Club.

COURTESY PEER.

THE RIGHT REMEDY.

Your leading article in its advocacy of public-houses being made more like Continental cafés strikes the right note.

If Mr. Carnegie would give a few of his millions to found improved public-houses, he would do more good than if he put a library in every street of every town in the kingdom.

People drink to excess, as you say, because there is nothing else in the public-house for them to do.

A WORKER AMONG THE POOR.

Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

MARRIAGE A CONTRACT OR A SACRAMENT?

"Disgusted" may certainly mean where he is. "The Church of England," as a whole, never "really decides" anything, compromise being essential to its existence. "Three great Anglican writers" do this or that, but three—or thirty—equally great Anglican writers may be cited who "distinctly" do exactly the contrary. G. A. L.

Queen Victoria-street.

IMPRISONMENT FOR INFIDELITY.

In certain States of America there are laws punishing infidelity with imprisonment, but they are not often put in force.

Certainly it is not logical to punish women for their husbands' faults. Either let women obtain divorce for infidelity, or else punish men for it. Carlton Hotel. HUGH MORTON STANWICK.

FOODS FOR THE THIN.

The flesh-forming foods are (1) fat bacon, (2) butter, (3) sugar, (4) milk puddings, (5) almost all patent foods, (6) thick rich soups, (7) rich fish, as salmon and mackerel, and many others.

Butchers' meat is a means of reducing weight. A little of it is good, however. Other foods to be avoided are vegetables, much bread (and butter), fruits, salads, and eggs. M. B.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR HIM?

I have been reading in the *Daily Mirror* the account of the lamentable sewage accident, and I have been much struck with the conspicuous gallantry of Thomas Bassett.

For a stranger to respond to the foreman's cry for help, as he did, and to descend three times unhesitatingly, was a grand action.

I may say that he has on two occasions made rescues from the Thames. He is too modest to speak of these matters for himself.

I think he is quite worthy of the Albert medal, or, at least, some acknowledgment should be made to him for his exceptional bravery. W. PRATT, 68, Linden-avenue, W.

Hilary sighed and passed his hands wearily across his face.

"You've wasted so much time talking, I almost forget," he laughed stupidly. "I almost forget—I'm tired, hungry." He fumbled in his pocket for some papers. "Ah, yes, you must return to London with me," he said slowly; "that's it—return to London, Grosvenor-square—Vogel wants to see you."

"Return to London—with you?" Dolores echoed. "No, no, I can't do it—I won't do it."

"Needn't be afraid of me," Hilary laughed. "Grosvenor-square, Vogel's London house. I won't molest you, just travel by same train, follow in cab. That's all—Vogel's instructions. Train leaves here 2.40; I'll be on platform—decently dressed, and all that. Needn't speak to me if you don't like—I'm over-ashamed." His teeth met again on his life, like an animal tortured by a sudden awful pain. "Vogel expected you early in week; horse-party, you know. Will you come?"

"If I refuse?"

Hilary shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm your husband," he chuckled. "Wives must obey their husbands in England, you know, or—don't want to use force or make a scene. Go quietly, and no one shall know I'm your husband—I swear it; no one shall know, at present."

Dolores looked at Merrick. He took her hand and held it tightly, and Hilary's tired, grey eyes leapt to fire for a moment.

"Yes—go," Merrick whispered. "But return before Tuesday."

"I will be there, on the station, at two o'clock," Dolores said.

Hilary nodded.

"Good; but don't forget."

Once again he doffed his hat and bowed politely, then, with his mocking laughter, he turned and stumbled down the hill towards the roofs gleaming silver in the sunlight.

He reeled and stumbled, not like a drunken man, but like a weakling, as if weary and worn and unable to bear the weight of his own body—or his own sins?

(Continued on page 11.)

PREVENTION OR CURE—
WHICH?

Almost every reader of this article has either a friend, relative, or acquaintance suffering from gout, gravel, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gouty eczema, or some other uric acid trouble, even if he has no such ailment himself. Every sufferer from such troubles wishes that he or she could get hold of a remedy of some kind that would once and for all drive the trouble out of the system, so that there need be no further fear of subsequent attacks. Unfortunately no such cure as this exists, but there is a method by which future attacks may be thoroughly and effectually prevented.

HOW URIC ACID TROUBLES ARE CAUSED.

In the process of all manufactures waste products are produced, and in the daily work of the body various waste products result, and need to be removed from the system. One form of effete matter produced in the body is known as uric acid, and if it be not removed it accumulates, and is changed into one of the urates, which are deposited in the joints, muscles, or nerves, and constitutional disturbance and in many cases acute pain is thus caused. In these few words we have explained the origin of uric acid troubles, and we have suggested the nature of the remedial treatment required.

HOW URIC ACID MAY BE REMOVED.

In youth a great deal of active exercise is taken, and the effect of this is to eliminate uric acid as fast as it is formed. In later life, however, there is frequently a considerable reluctance to take vigorous exercise, and as, in many cases, more food and drink is taken than is actually required, uric acid is retained, and hence follow gout, rheumatism, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, or lumbago. Evidently then, to cure such troubles, we must solve the uric acid and remove it from the system. This is effected by the use of Bishop's Varialettes, which exert a chemical action upon uric acid, and dissolve it, so that it passes away harmlessly and painlessly through the natural channel. Where accumulations of the urates have formed Bishop's Varialettes soften these and gradually break them up, and when these are once removed, occasional resort to Bishop's Varialettes will enable you to avoid future attacks. No argument, therefore, is needed to prove that Bishop's Varialettes are the right remedy in all forms of uric acid trouble, because they deal with the actual cause. What may also be remembered is that Bishop's Varialettes are free from sugar, are not lowering to the system, and you do not tire of them even if you have to continue their use for weeks or even months.

READ THIS PARAGRAPH CAREFULLY.

If, when the first feelings of irritation between the fingers, in the palms, or about the ankles are experienced, small concretions are felt on the outer rim of the ear, or little lumps are found under the skin on arms, breast, or legs, Bishop's Varialettes are taken, future trouble will be averted. If you take Bishop's Varialettes when you first begin to suffer from acidity, heartburn, or flatulence, or notice that you are passing small grains of uric acid or sediment, you will keep graver complications successfully at bay. If, the moment you find that your joints are swollen, tender, or stiff, or if there is a dull pain in the right side of the body, as the result of sluggish liver, you obtain a supply of Bishop's Varialettes, and take them, you will prevent attacks in later life. You cannot have a more convenient, economical, or portable remedy and preventive than Bishop's Varialettes. Why not use them if you recognise one or two of these symptoms as your own?

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

Trite as this proverb is, its practical bearing on life is often ignored, but nothing is more certain than the fact that there would not be a fraction of the illness or suffering in the world if people would but attend to the first signs of ill-health. A few days' treatment in the early stages would do more than months of treatment and oceans of medicine at a later stage. In regard to uric acid troubles, there is in the early stages little difficulty in gaining relief by means of Bishop's Varialettes, and by their aid you may go on from now to the end of your life without ever having an attack of either gout, rheumatism, gravel, sciatica, lumbago, gouty eczema, or gouty indigestion.

BISHOP'S VARIALETTS

are not a patent medicine; they are perfectly free from sugar, and absolutely free from any possible danger. You simply add one of them to your drinks three times a day, preferably with meals, when the Varialette will soon effervesce away and convert your beverage into the most successful remedy known for all uric acid troubles. There are countless men and women everywhere who would never under any circumstances dream of being without Bishop's Varialettes, because they have proved that their use protects them from attacks of all uric acid troubles.

BISHOP'S VARIALETTS (REGD.)

are supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores in vials at 1s., 2s., or 3s. 6d. per bottle. If possible, please send to Alfred Bishop (Limited), Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, who will send a supply for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., or 3s. 2d., post free, within the United Kingdom. With every vial is enclosed a leaflet giving facts as to diet, etc., in uric acid troubles. Always take care to see that you get Bishop's Varialettes, and absolutely refuse any imitation that may be offered.

IF YOU REQUIRE FURTHER INFORMATION, Messrs. Alfred Bishop will be pleased to supply same to any of our readers applying to them.

NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.



Mr. A. G. Barry, whose portrait appears above, beat the Hon. O. Scott in the final round of the amateur championship at Prestwick. Mr. Barry is not yet twenty years of age. The large photograph shows the winner coming in after the game, escorted by police.

L.A.C. SPORTS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.



The one-mile relay race—England v. L.A.C.: H. S. Robinson, C. McLachlan, and L. F. Tremere, of the L.A.C., at work. London Athletic Club were the winners by ten yards.

RAMSGATE TRAM SMASH.



Dashing down the hill near the Granville Hotel, a Ramsgate tramcar ran into a grocer's shop. Many passengers were injured. The life of one little girl injured is despaired of.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

Merrick wanted to take Dolores to the station and see her safely into the train, even accompany her to London if she wished, but she refused to allow him.

"I would rather go alone; I shall feel happier if I'm alone—if no one sees me," she said, with a brave attempt at a smile.

So she went alone. Arthur stayed with her until the last moment, but they could not talk.

"Don't be bullied by Vogel," was Merrick's last injunction. "Don't let him bluff you—and remember, whatever happens, whatever you do I shall stick to you. They cannot separate us, I won't let you go now—even if you want to go!"

"If I do give you up," she replied, "it will be for your sake—you know that?"

"I shan't let you give me up," he repeated. "And Dolores, promise me that you will not let him, Hilary, force you to stay with him—" He broke off; he could not say the words.

"It may be the only way," she whispered, avoiding his eyes.

"There is one other way—always—that—other way. Vogel can get rid of him if—"

"Not now," she stammered under her breath. "We are going to play the straight game, even if it costs us—"

Merrick's face grew like marble, and his voice was hardly human as he cried:

"Any way—anything, but his wife! If it comes to that, a choice between two sacrifices—your honour or mine—or you—or the others—I shall save you. I must, I will, I can't help it."

And so they parted without another word. Dolores could not argue or plead with him. She stood on the brink of a precipice; if he held her back, why should she persist on throwing herself over?

On his arrival home Merrick found Sir Tatton Townley still at Rose Cottage.

"Where the deuce have you been hiding yourself?" roared the baronet. "The whole household has been hunting for you. Well, you rascal, you feel happy now, I hope, eh?"

Merrick forced a laugh.

"Rather!"

"Pretty happy!" He repeated the words to himself, and laughter came without any forcing. He felt as if he stood beside a yawning grave, a grave dug for Dolores by Vogel! And when he peered into the dark cavern there grinned up at him the evil, mocking face of Horace Hilary.

"You look like a ghost; what's the matter?" Sir Tatton asked. "Feeling queer?"

"Beastly nervous, that's all. I tell you that gallop took it out of me this morning."

"A ride in a blooming armchair," grunted Billy as he passed.

"Hark at that," laughed Sir Tatton. "That merry old scoundrel should teach you a lesson. Why, he's got a snub on his face that'll never wear off this side of eternity, I'll warrant. One would think he owned the colt himself. Now, look here," he added in an undertone. "Buck up, my boy, and don't take it so seriously. Confound it, you've only got to keep well until Wednesday; then sit still and let King Daffodil win in his own way."

"It looks like that, certainly," Merrick managed to stammer.

"I've done a thing I've never done before, on the strength of this morning's work—I've backed the colt again, exceeded my limit, too! But all I want is the honour and glory, my boy. D'you understand? I'm getting to be an old man; I've no children, money is no good to me; when I've won the Derby I shall feel my last wish and ambition have been gratified, and shall be grateful and content. The honour and the glory," he repeated softly. "The rest—we shall share with dear old Marvis and Lyndal, God bless her."

"You're awfully good, but—"

"But you only want the honour and the glory—"

that's what you're going to say. I know you! Glad that's the way you feel; that's right—but you mustn't forget you're young. Your life lies before you. You won't ride horses all your life, you know. You'll want a home and a wife and children about you one day—and God knows, my boy, there is no blessing like a good wife, a happy house, and the little striving hearts born of our love! King Daffodil will win those for you, Arthur. Not a word, it's my wish!"

"I want nothing—nothing—" Merrick cried in agony.

"There's only one thing," Sir Tatton continued dreamily. "I wish it could have been—Lyndal. I was mistaken; interfering old fool, you'll say! She's a dear girl, and the right age for you, my boy. Still, you know best; and if it's this other woman—well, when you're quite, quite sure of yourself we shall be glad to welcome her at your old home."

Merrick grasped the baronet's hand and turned away without speaking.

If he had spoken then he would have told Sir Tatton everything.

He hid himself out of everyone's way for the rest of the day; everyone went about their work singing and laughing, with glad, smiling faces and happy hearts.

The Derby winner was housed in Rose Cottage. The Derby winner! Wonderful words that send a thrill through every single English-speaking soul in the world.

Billy moved and spoke like one in a dream; he never let the colt's stable door get out of sight once during the whole day. Close to the box he persistently hovered, the great ineffable smile on his rugged old face and a still greater smile in his heart. He was burning to talk to someone about the beauty, the pride of the equine world, the glory of Rose Cottage, and the glory of his life. But there were only two people he could talk to on such a wonderful subject, the two people he loved—and

(Continued on page 13.)

THE SANDOW GIRL AND THE GIBSON GIRL.

A NOVELTY THIS WEEK AT ROBINSON
AND CLEAVER'S, REGENT
STREET, LONDON.

For quite a while that dainty creation of the facile pen of G. Dana Gibson, "The Gibson Girl," has been more talked about than perhaps any subject in the world of femininity. Just now, however, she has to share honours with yet another type of beauty, and one which the cleverest judges of the female form divine declare is a yet more charming creation—"The Sandow Girl."

The London season is now in full swing, and women are remarking that the most remarkable feature of the big society functions this year is the general vogue of the Sandow Girl type. Anything that Eugen Sandow says in regard to the human form has by this time come to be looked upon with the greatest respect, and when he some time ago pointed out to the public the particular type of physical beauty which he regarded as the acme of feminine loveliness, ladies naturally aspired towards that ideal. But Sandow not merely set the fashion in this particular type of beauty, but, as always is the way with this most practical of men, he provided a way by which every woman could attain to that grace of contour and symmetry of form in a simple and easy manner by merely following out in her daily life certain natural laws.

"THE SMART SET."

The first women as a rule to test the merits of anything claiming to improve the personal appearance are the ladies occupying the high places of the theatrical profession. With them beauty is a business necessity, and old age an enemy to be vigorously combated. It is not surprising, therefore, that the leaders of the theatrical profession should be among the very first to patronise the Symmetrion. The delightful Mrs. Kendal, that charming young American, Miss Madge Lessing; our own most emotional actress, Mrs. Brown Potter, and many other theatrical favourites, are all staunch admirers of Eugen Sandow, and at the end of a eulogistic letter describing the virtues of the Symmetrion, Mrs. Kendal finishes by declaring: "I should be more than selfish to keep such an experience to myself." With such admirable examples before them, society, it is needless to say, quickly followed, and to-day every woman who wishes to keep her place in the smart set makes the use of the Symmetrion a part of her daily toilet. The Symmetrion, in fact, has become a fashion, and that is the reason why the Sandow type of beauty has become so familiar at all big social functions this year.

WHO SET THE FASHION?

It is curious how the women in the smartest social set always seem to get the first information concerning any novelty that will assist them to make and keep themselves attractive in appearance. They have certainly taken to the Symmetrion with the utmost enthusiasm, and ladies everywhere are gradually following their example. At all the big emporiums in the West End where demonstrations of this wonder-working little apparatus have been given, the Symmetrion operator was "the observed of all observers," and the sales were simply enormous. Women were delighted with the ease and simplicity of the Symmetrion. This week the demonstrations will be continued at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent-street, London, and ladies should not miss them, for wherever these demonstrations have been given they have proved the chief attraction.

BEAUTY WITH HEALTH.

There are many reasons to account for the enormous popularity of the Symmetrion. In the first place the name of Sandow is in itself a guarantee of its excellence and efficacy. Then it is so easily fitted up and removed after use that it causes no inconvenience. This method of acquiring beauty of figure and a bright, clear complexion has the additional advantage of also being beneficial to health, a feature which the majority of the fashionable beauty cures lack. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that such a useful addition to the boudoir should have already found such an extensive popularity, especially in those circles where the eternal round of social duties are very exacting and exhausting.

There is no reason, indeed, why every woman should not have it fitted up in her bedroom, for a wonderful little device is retained at the modest figure of 12s. 6d., and may be obtained from all drapers and athletic outfitters. It is, of course, impossible here to enter fully into all the merits of the Symmetrion, or to indicate all it accomplishes, but we would advise every woman to see it at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's, or to write for a copy of a new treatise, "Beauty by Natural Means," in which the Symmetrion is more minutely described, and which is handsomely illustrated from actual photographs showing it in use. It costs nothing. Write at once to the Sandow Company, 17, Basinghall-street, London, E.C., mentioning the "Daily Mirror," and it will be sent to you post free and gratis.

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CHESTERFIELD COAT and SKIRT. Full aqueous back Coat with single-breasted fronts and stylish sleeve, with new shape cut. Skirt cut full, well made, and trimmed foot pleats and small buttons. Made in all the colorings of Allen Foster & Co.'s world-renowned Specialite Serge and Veneilan Cloth. Price complete only 10/6 carriage 6d. extra. or Skirt alone 5/6 carriage 6d. extra. This Costume made in the "Princess" Tweed will be 18/6; in the "Alexandra" Tweed 19/6; or in Super-fine Vienne Cloth 21/6. Any Coat can be lined with Mercerised Holland 2/- extra, or Skirt lined linette 2/- extra. This Costume made in good Washing Holland 5/11, carriage 6d. extra. PATTERNS FREE.

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Stylish Costume Skirt, Black or Navy Serge, medium weight. A cloth that will stand hard wear. Trimmed silk ornaments and four panels, fastened at side, with pockets. Price only 4/6 carriage 5d. extra. A great bargain. Also made in all the beautiful colorings of the "Princess" Tweed. Price 5/6. "Alexandra" Tweed 6/6. Superfine Vienne Cloth 8/11. This skirt, made in good washing Holland, 5/6 carriage 5d.

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DRESSES, SILKS, SUMMER FABRICS.
Also Large Parcel of COATS and SKIRTS.

Unal.	Sale	Price	Price
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
20 pieces of check canvas TUSOR WASH- ING SILK	1 11	0 8	1 11
12 pieces of SPOT TUSOR SILK with black and navy blue spots	1 11	0 8	1 11
10 pieces of BLACK GLASS SILK, very good quality for foundations	1 11	1 4	1 11
20 pieces of HIGH GLASS SILK, very white, cream, pink, pale blue, navy blue, brown, grey, heliotrope, and pale green	1 11	1 4	1 11
Special line in 44-inch wide BLACK CHIFFON TARTAN for	2 11	1 4	2 11
20 pieces of CHINE BLOUSE SILK, 44- inch wide	2 11	1 4	2 11
10 pieces of 27-inch JAPANESE SILK in pale blue, cream, pink, pale green, and heliotrope	1 11	1 0	1 11
33-inch pin spot OMBRE DE CHINE black ground with white spot, and white ground with pink spot	2 11	1 11	2 11
10 pieces of silk JAPANESE CREPE DE CHINE in black, maize, all green, white, cream, rose, turquoise, and blue	1 11	0 8	1 11
20 pieces of stripe WASHING SILK, 44- inch wide	1 11	0 8	1 11
10 pieces of SILK FOULARD, good designs	2 11	1 3	2 11
25 pieces of all-wool CHEVIOT MELANGE VIGOROUS SUITINGS	2 11	1 3	2 11
2000 yards of all-wool BLUE and white ground with black spot, red, pale blue, and green; also a quantity of floral designs to be sold	1 11	0 8	1 11
SPECIAL LINE—25 pieces of all-wool pique-suit CRIPPE IN CHINE in black, brown, navy blue, grey, rose, heliotrope, pale blue, pink, and cream	1 11	1 4	1 11
A stock of double-width flane, 44- inch wide, to be cleaned at	1 11	0 8	1 11
10 pieces of 42-inch grey TWEED	1 11	1 0	1 11
20 pieces of all-wool VENETIAN CLOTH in brown, blue, green, helio- trope, black, rose, green, and fawn	1 11	1 4	1 11
10 pieces of all-wool CHEVIOT MATERIALS in blue, brown, red, and green	2 11	1 11	2 11
12 pieces of all-wool HERRINGBONE check	1 11	1 0	1 11
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10/- TROUSERS FREE.

TOILETTES FOR TO-NIGHT'S COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

IN SILK ATTIRE.

RESPLENDANT ROBES FOR DEBUTANTES AND DOWAGERS.

To-night will be held at Buckingham Palace the May Drawing Room, to which so many pretty debutantes have long been looking forward, as the chief and highest occasion of their lives, and numbers of brides will be presented on their marriage.

One of the daintiest and most regal of the gowns made for to-night's Court is the one designed and built by the great Paquin, of Dover-street, for Lady Eden. It is a veritable Empire robe, of the most original type, composed of green lace posed on white satin and chiffon, and completed by a sash of embroidered gold galon. The Court train that falls from the shoulders is a shimmering mass of gold tissue, lightly and gracefully trimmed with mousseline de soie to match.

Some of the broché velvets and the satins interwoven with velvet devices are truly exquisite. Mrs. Wilfred Ashley has ordered a train of pink broché velvet, draped with lace and roses, to be worn over a dress of white taffetas embroidered with silver, and opened to disclose a petticoat of snowy chiffon all strewn over with brilliants. The vision of loveliness this gown will present is easily to be pictured by the mind's eye.

Mrs. Lawson Johnston's white Oriental satin frock will display the latest note in embroideries, called the rocco, and composed of a mingling of lace and flowers. The lace is broad and pure white (the most fashionable choice this season), and the roses are pink and blue blossoms, executed in embroidery and given the effect of falling away from the background. The train is a white satin one, softened by mousseline de soie bright with silver galon.

Bouquets of Larkspur and Sweet Peas.

Old Brussels lace is a most precious possession now that Brussels shares with point de Venise the pinnacle of exotic popularity, and it is the chief item among many of great beauty on Mrs. Tempest-Hicks's gown of white satin duchesse. Brussels lace drapes this robe and a berthe of the same adorns the corsage; the train is a white satin one, lined with gold tissue, which is rolled back to form revers of gold, and, furthermore, decorated with a scarf of the same fine old lace caught up with sprays of La France roses.

Homely garden flowers are popular to-day, and some lovely nosegays are being built of larkspur and sweet-peas. Then there are gorgeous tulips, splendid carnations, and a riot of exquisite orchids to be pressed into the picturesque service of their Majesties' Court.

COOKERY PRIZE AWARD.

A DAINTY DISH OF MUSHROOMS.

The prize for the best summer breakfast dish, not to cost more than eighteenpence, is awarded to M. S. Ainsworth, Rivington, Bolton, for her recipe:—

CHAMPIGNONS EN CASSEROLE.

INGREDIENTS.—1 lb. of freshly-gathered mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 1oz. flour, ½ pint of new milk, seasoning.

Cleanse, peel, and take away the stalks from the mushrooms. Tie up the stalks in a muslin bag, with a blade of mace added. Then place the butter and flour in a saucepan over a moderate fire; thoroughly amalgamate, then add the milk, mushroom stalks, pepper and salt to taste. Stir until of the consistency of thick cream. Pour into a casserole, and put the mushrooms in. Stew all gently in the oven until the mushrooms are tender, take out the muslin bag, and serve in the casserole dish.

at once. If liked, small rolls of broiled bacon may be put into the casserole just before serving it.

Highly commended is the recipe sent by Mrs. Norton Clownes, 45, London-road, Reading, for

CREAM OF WHITING.

Take the fillets of a whiting, boned well. Pass it through a sieve, mix two tablespoons of cream

and three of milk, two eggs, and a teaspoon of anchovy sauce, and pepper and salt to taste. Put the contents into a buttered mould and steam it for half an hour. Serve it with a good white sauce made from the bone of the whiting. Decorate it with lobster coral, chopped truffles, and parsley. Can be served and eaten hot or cold. Average cost 1s.



A lovely Court gown of oyster-white satin, trimmed with silver tissue and finished by a train of oyster-white and silver broche. The ornaments worn are pearls, diamonds, and pink topaz, and the rose bouquet matches the topaz in colour. In the topmost corner of the sketch is shown a coiffure adorned with a casque comb of diamonds and blonde tortoiseshell and the regulation plumes and veil.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

just because he wanted to express his pent-up feelings to either of them his tongue became tied directly they approached him.

When Lyndal entered the stables after lunch and gravitated towards King Daffodil's box Billy followed her, stood beside her, and opened his mouth—but it remained open without a sound proceeding.

And Lyndal, she was burning to say something; to express her joy, her happiness. She could have talked to Arthur, but he, she knew, was sharing his happiness with another woman.

And so she was silent, too; youth and old age stood side by side with hearts filled to overflowing, unable to express one atom of it.

At last Billy slipped into the cowhouse and put his arm round The Brute's neck and confided in him.

"We loved him and trained him ourselves, we did. He's ours altogether, and he's the finest horse of the year, the horse of the blessed century, p'raps—ain't it wonderful, old feller?"

But The Brute laid his ears back and looked dangerous.

What did he care for King Daffodil?

"What price me," he whinnied. "Ain't I good enough for you? Are you falling in love with another horse? If so, look out."

Perhaps Billy understood, for he regarded his pet carefully, critically, but affectionately, as a father his first-born.

"If only you was trainable, if only you had manners—if only you could win a Derby," he sighed.

"Try me," sniffed The Brute. "You don't know what I couldn't do!"

"I'm afraid you couldn't do that, not even in a very, very bad year!"

And he returned to admire King Daffodil.

"Billy, if you don't stop smiling you'll do your face an injury," laughed Marvis.

"I ain't smilin'; I'm thinkin'," said Billy.

"What are you thinking off?"

The solitary eye winked.

"Of Wednesday. To think as how, I—I should live to—so have helped produce a Derby winner," he whispered with awe and reverence in his voice.

"And you—you picked me up out of the gutter and raised me to it!"

"Picked you out of the river, you mean," laughed Marvis. "Where's your memory?"

Meanwhile Dolores was driving across London in Vogel's electric brougham, whilst her husband followed in a hansom cab.

She had thawed at Charing-cross, and felt half inclined to tell him he might accompany her in the brougham. A tinge of something that was a distant relative to pity entered the iron in her soul when she saw Horace Hilary keeping a respectful

distance away, looking clean and neat and respectable, almost smart!

He had evidently fed well since the morning; his step was firm, his eyes bright; he seemed conscious of the change and improvement in himself; he showed by his behaviour that he wanted Dolores to notice the difference.

There was an air of pride about him that was pathetic.

Vogel's town house was not beautiful outside; inside it was merely luxurious, ostentatious. The value of the china, the glass, the pictures, the furniture and the plate was overpowering. The gorgeously liveried servants gave the house more the appearance of an hotel than a home. Vogel himself hated his Grosvenor-square palace; it was only when he filled it with guests that it was tolerable.

And now, in the height of the season, it was quite full; but the people staying there didn't really know each other; many never even met. They were all so busy trying to amuse themselves and getting dreadfully bored in the attempt.

Vogel met Dolores in the hall—quite by accident, of course.

"Come and see the new room I'm having just fitted up for me," he said. "Most wonderful scheme of colouring—the new idea of emotional rooms that he's invented. It's purple and pale blue, with touches of green. He calls it 'a dream of conubial bliss.'"

(To be continued.)

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